

# THE GREEN CALDRON

A Magazine of Freshman Writing



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# Antarctic Episode

RODOLFO D. VERGARA

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947*

RECENTLY, FROM THE PERSONAL FILES OF THE LATE English naval historian, Sir William Earl Winthrop, an amazing story was uncovered, concerning a hitherto unknown saga of adventure and discovery. I refer to the discovery and subsequent destruction of New Worthshire Isle. Why this tale has been concealed is not clear; nevertheless, the following events occurred.

It was less than half a year after the renowned Captain Cooke had cast off on a voyage of discovery, his first, that a new squadron of the Royal Navy weighed anchor in Portsmouth harbor and put out to sea to take up the duties of patrolling the waters of the South Atlantic. Of the ships comprising the squadron, the eighteen-gun sloop-of-war *Worthshire* must be singled out, for she played an important role in this tale. She was the smallest member of the group, and on this voyage her complement consisted of sixty-two officers and men under the command of Captain Oliver Truxton.

The *Worthshire's* patrolling area was the waters between the Falklands and Patagonia. Sea duty as such was not exciting except, perhaps, in the weathering of occasionally severe squalls and sea storms. Nothing extraordinary occurred until the end of the seventh month of patrol duty. It all began when a very violent storm struck the area with lightning-like rapidity. According to Truxton's account, the storm raged for three days and the *Worthshire* was buffeted severely. On the first day the tops of the main and fore masts were lost. The second day witnessed the disastrous loss of the foremast and fourteen lives. By the third day little rigging remained and the steering gear was almost ineffective. Thus, when the gale subsided, the once proud ship *Worthshire* was nothing more than a battered and leaking hulk, drifting like a derelict into the colder waters of the extreme south latitudes.

After an intensive search by the other ships of the squadron resulted only in the recovery of the *Worthshire's* foremast, she was reported as a total loss with all on board.

As the ship drifted farther south, the shock of the sudden exposure to the icy gales of the Antarctic added heavily to the hardships of the already exhausted crew. The spirits of the men rose, however, on the third day of their wandering when the familiar cry of "Land ho!" was sounded. Snow capped peaks indicated land as the ship nosed its way into a shroud of mist. It seems that Truxton noticed a trend of warmer temperature as the ship

continued to drift, but the paradoxical phenomenon remained unexplained until the ship suddenly pushed its prow through the misty veil and out into the open.

Imagine the crew's surprise and bewilderment, and the officers' no less, at the sight they beheld. For although there before them lay a barren land of snowy mountains, at the edge dead ahead of the ship rose an island of steaming jungle vegetation. Truxton's description was: "It [the island] was a mile long, and as we came around, we noted it to be one-half mile wide uniformly and that evidently a type of narrow land bridge connected the island to the mainland. Also, I noticed an overhanging cliff of ice of great size at the mainland's edge. The island itself was almost totally covered with vegetation of the type abounding in South America. Steam or vapor emanated from parts of the island with an unusual concentration at one end."

Recovering his practical senses and reaching a quick decision, Captain Truxton ordered his remaining forty-eight crewmen to prepare for disembarkment. The three serviceable long-boats were loaded with available provisions and firearms and twelve men each. The remaining thirteen lowered the boats away and stood by for the return of one of them. Disaster made its presence known again when a cry of alarm echoed from the *Worthshire* as the small boats neared shore. To the horror of the men, the *Worthshire* began to founder. Before a long-boat could reverse direction, the ship keeled over and capsized. It disappeared almost immediately, carrying eleven men with her; the two thrown clear were rescued.

Upon landing, Truxton assembled his men, uttered a prayer of thanksgiving, and claimed the new domain for His Majesty the King of England. With unanimous consent the island was named New Worthshire Isle. Truxton then reorganized the men with calm deliberation; a camp was established and two scouting parties were sent out to explore the island. Upon return, they reported that no signs of human or animal life were evident; and one party reported strange pungent vapors rising from the largest of several cracks in the ground at one end of the island. This confirmed Truxton's theory that New Worthshire Isle was volcanic, thus partially explaining the unusual situation.

As the men partook of the day's last meal, a slight tremor in the ground gave rise to speculation. Other tremors hours later gave rise to fears. The experienced Truxton recognized the warning of an impending earthquake. Rousing the camp, he explained the possibility of new danger and proposed that they should find the land bridge and camp near there; in that way escape to the mainland would be at hand if anything happened. It was still night when they arrived at the bridge. The tremors were by now literally shaking the island in its foundations. Truxton did not hesitate to give the order to cross; he at once led the single file in orderly retreat to the mainland.



A sudden explosion from the far end of the island scattered dust, rock, and vegetation into the air. A second explosion redoubled the efforts of the men to hasten the crossing of the narrow and rocky bridge. The party was midway across the half mile natural span when a third explosion kindled the island "afire" and caused the surrounding waters to boil. Particles of suffocating ash filled the air, hampering the progress of the file. A series of explosive outbursts rocked the island; and, as the men in the rear looked back, they saw that the isle had begun to sink. The scale of life and death tipped negatively again, for near the middle of the fleeing column the bridge was cleft in two, leaving a rapidly widening gap. The eighteen exhausted men trapped on the island side remained stunned until they were encouraged to swim the gap. All to a man made an attempt but only four succeeded; some of those who regained the stranded section of the bridge were last seen weeping. The remaining two dozen had yet to gain the solid rock of the mainland. Truxton urged the men to hurry lest their section of the bridge collapse; just as they were scaling the slope of the mainland, it did disappear below the waters. The sinking island was a burning inferno; and, when it was engulfed by the waters of the sea, it left a seething mass of steam and brimstone. To add to the clouds of gases, a ledge of ice had been shaken loose from the mainland and had caromed into the sea.

The survivors gathered at the top of an ice covered hill to watch the dramatic ending of New Worthshire Isle. They watched silently as the debris settled and the roaring sounds dissipated. Dawn began to streak the horizon, and there was silhouetted a ship! As it drew closer, her colors identified her as a Portuguese merchantman; evidently it had been attracted by nature's recent pyrotechnical display. The survivors' wild gestures were answered by a cannon shot and the lowering of a boat to pick them up.

Once aboard, Captain Truxton identified himself and his men. The merchantman was bound for England via Portugal, but was willing to land them at the Falklands. Truxton requested that he and his first mate be landed there but that the rest proceed directly to England. The request was duly carried out.

Tragedy overtook the group once more. While plowing the middle of the Atlantic, the Portuguese ship was torn asunder in the wake of a freak storm. Details of the calamity are obscure, but it may be assumed that there were no survivors, at least not from the *Worthshire* group.

Truxton and his first mate had related their tale to the naval commandant of the Falklands, but when they heard the fate of their mates, they pleaded with the commandant to keep their fantastic experiences a secret. Evidently the three did keep the secret to their dying days. It was Truxton who gave a deathbed account to Sir William.

# The President Was Our Passenger

JOHN STERNER

*Rhetoric I, Thème 11, 1946-1947*

THE U. S. S. *AUGUSTA* IS ONE OF THE OLDEST HEAVY cruisers in our naval service. Her career has carried her through thousands of tons of water, and has filled her log with events to which the people of our country can look with pride. In thirteen years of service, the "Augie" has been the flagship of the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, the scene of the signing of the *Atlantic Charter*, a participant in the invasions of North Africa, Normandy, and Southern France, and, lastly, a prime factor in the "Big Three" meeting at Potsdam.

Prior to July 7, 1945, the crew of the *Augusta* were not aware of their importance to their country in coming events. We had left Norfolk, Virginia, on the first day of the month and were now operating in Chesapeake Bay with an occasional "run" to the Atlantic Ocean for firing practice. From the radio reports we learned that a trip to Europe by the President was pending, but there was no suspicion concerning his mode of travel—no one knew.

Numerous times I asked my division officer if he had been informed of our operations to come, for it was customary for the officers to tell their men of future trips. But now the "gold braid" seemed to be unable to advise us what our future would bring. I was told that we were to pass this week in firing much of our wartime ammunition, for the naval dumps were too overstocked to accept it. This explanation sounded reasonable to me and to the other gunner's mates. The fact that a ship's order was issued to the effect that we were to repaint much of the ship and scrape the paint from brass fixtures was regarded as a typical sign of a peacetime navy.

On July 6, 1945, the *Augusta* sailed up the James River and moored alongside an army embarkation pier at Newport News, Virginia. Shortly afterward, working parties began to bring a large quantity of supplies aboard. A naval vessel's mooring alongside an army pier and beginning to take supplies aboard was cause for much "scuttlebutt." Another cause for much speculation was the changing of the working "uniform of the day" from dungarees to whites. The enforcement of naval regulations regarding this naval dress warned us that we were preparing for something "big." Later, the afternoon newspaper confirmed this suspicion by announcing that the President was to leave the country soon. Our officers immediately informed us of their precious secret.

The ship's "plan of the day" for Saturday, July 7, emphasized that clean white-dress uniforms, clean white hats, and shined shoes would be the



uniform until further notice. When I was awakened at four o'clock in the morning, I dressed according to this order, downed a hastily eaten "chow," and fell into place in my division's ranks on the "well deck," which was to be the scene of the boarding of the *Augusta* by the Presidential party. The stage was set in a fervor of excitement and anxiety. The brass gleamed in the morning light; the deck showed the severe scrubbings we had given it; the marine detachment was formed abreast of the gangway; the senior officers, dressed in navy blues adorned with conspicuous rows of campaign ribbons, were assembled near-by, and my own and another division occupied the port and starboard sides of the "well deck." Preparations were complete for rendering full honors to Mr. Truman and his party.

Approximately thirty minutes later, the Presidential train came to a stop on the enclosed pier. As the boatswain's pipe trilled and the officers and men raised their hands in salute, Mr. Truman, Mr. Byrnes, and several military aides climbed the gangway and descended upon the gray deck of an honored ship. After being welcomed aboard by the Captain and other senior officers, the party proceeded through a hatch leading to the officers' wardroom. Secret service men, newspapermen, and cameramen completed the procession aboard the *Augusta*.

Immediately the divisions concerned hoisted the gangway aboard, cast off the mooring lines, and carried out the other tasks for getting under way. All divisions "above decks" stood at attention as we left Newport News and sailed down the Bay toward the Atlantic Ocean. The *U. S. S. Philadelphia*, which had won renown as the "galloping ghost of the Sicilian Coast" during the war, departed from Norfolk and took the lead position in our two-ship task force. She flew the flag of Admiral Hughes, the commander of this Presidential task force.

It was not until the third day after departure from the States that the American people were informed of President Truman's presence aboard the *Augusta*. Knowing my father's staunch Republican attitude, I pictured a hurt expression on his face as he heard that the President was on the same ship as his son. But when the first mail arrived aboard the ship at the end of our journey, I discovered that my father was proud to learn that the President was on the *Augusta*.

Our transatlantic voyage was completed in seven days; but in that short time, the crew discovered that a President need not be a snob. On two occasions Mr. Truman dined with us. I must admit that when he dined with the enlisted men, I enjoyed the most delicious navy "chow" that I had eaten while in service. Seated at a table which was surrounded by members of the crew, President Truman was very informal, talkative, and seemed pleased to eat a "gob's" baked ham dinner.

Another event of the trip which warmed the hearts of eight hundred enlisted men took place shortly after we had left Chesapeake Bay. Our commander-in-chief appeared on deck wearing a recently issued white hat, which is symbolic of all "swabbies." He wore the hat in the same manner as do most "boots," who are never informed as to how to put a "salty shape" in their hats.

A personal experience, which I shall never forget, happened on the fourth day of our voyage. Early one morning while I was busily shining the brass fixtures on my gun mount, I noticed that Mr. Truman was enjoying his daily walk on the other side of the ship. As he walked athwart the ship and approached my mount, I came to attention, saluted, and nervously exhaled, "Good morning, Mr. President." The President returned the salute and replied, "How are you, son?" and continued his walk.

Except when the President was out on deck before breakfast, one or more secret service men were with him constantly. His personal bodyguard was six feet tall, weighed two hundred and thirty pounds, could fire a pistol with either hand, was a master at judo, and had a very persuasive way about him. It is said that the President must always consult a secret service man before he travels anywhere. From my observations during the trip, I believe this statement to be true.

The *Augusta* was approaching foreign shores, general quarters was sounded, and we displayed our wartime efficiency to the Presidential party. All of the gun batteries were fired according to their size, from the eight-inch main battery down to the twenty-millimeter anti-aircraft guns. When the firing was completed, the party inspected the ship and were informed of the various acts performed in preparing the ship for battle. As expected, Mr. Truman stopped several times in order to speak with the members of the gun crews.

The following morning I came "topside" and discovered that we had entered the English Channel during the night. My thoughts drifted back to a year before, when the *Augusta* had last traversed the Channel. That had been during the landings in Normandy, when this same Channel had swarmed with boats and ships of all descriptions. We had been on a mission of war then, but now we were transporting our President to Europe to determine the policies of peace.

In the late afternoon we passed through the Straits of Dover with their high, sheer white cliffs revealed in all their splendor by the beautiful glow of sunset. Seven British destroyers and one cruiser joined our task force at this time. While the divisions of the *Augusta* and the *Philadelphia* stood at attention, the Britishers passed in review before the President of the United States. They formed an escort to port and to starboard as if to say, "We are beside you in war; we shall remain beside you in peace."



The morning of July 14, 1945, found our escorted task force at the mouth of the Sheldt River, which flows between the two Low Countries. During the voyage our destination had not been disclosed to us, for our officers had kept another secret very well. Many of the crew had believed that we were to take the President to German soil, but this belief was dissipated when we saw Dutch windmills "to port." The small, neat, green farms and doll-like farmhouses of Holland and Belgium reflected the beauty of sunrise this cool morning. As the people of these two countries cheered and waved to us, I thought of the many times in the past when they had never known what conquering nation would be the next to sail up the Sheldt River.

When we approached a narrowing of the river, our escort turned about and steamed by us on their way back to the Channel. As each ship passed by, her men stood at attention and shouted a loud "Hip, hip, hooray," in tribute to President Truman.

At noon the *Augusta* and the *Philadelphia* moored alongside a long concrete dock in Antwerp, Belgium. The waterfront building lay in shambles from the intense rocket bombardment inflicted by the Germans at the close of the war. No other port city in Europe was more devastated than Antwerp. The city itself was bombed in scattered places while the docks and adjacent streets were thoroughly gutted.

The army military police prevented the townspeople from swarming onto the dock, but army and naval officers, diplomats, and other distinguished persons were there to give the Presidential party a warm reception. We once again rendered full honors to Mr. Truman as he left the ship and walked down the gangway. He was greeted by the American ambassador to Belgium and General Eisenhower, who promptly escorted him to a waiting limousine.

Fifteen cars formed a procession which crawled from the dock into the streets of Antwerp. As President Truman passed by us, he waved to a proud crew, and with him went a silent prayer for his success in laying the foundation for a lasting peace while at this Potsdam Conference in Germany.

## Battlefield

A battlefield is the most unattractive plot of land on earth. It is desolate, it is dirty, and it smells, yet men pay the price of blood and death to obtain it. At times it is quiet, quiet as a church on Monday morning. These are the times the nerves take over. What happened? What are they waiting for? Why don't they do something? What are they attempting? When is it going to come? It contains the cries of men that are hit, asking for help, pleading for someone to put them out of their misery, someone to deliver them from this hell. The noise comes just before dawn and right after the sun goes down: one as a "Good-Morning," the other as a "Good-Night kiss." — ANONYMOUS

# Tarnish

DUANE S. DUNLAP

*Rhetoric II, Theme 15, 1946-1947*

TWO HUNDRED BRIGHT, NEW SECOND LIEUTENANTS sauntered out of the auditorium and started puffing defiantly on two hundred cigarettes. "Thou shalt not smoke out of doors" had been one of the ten commandments during cadet days, but all of that was over now that those gleaming gold bars had been pinned on our shoulders. For the past eight months we had dreamed of the day when the glint of gold bars would add to the sunshine of glorious graduation day. No more would we stand retreat in sweat soaked OD's or march to the mess hall and PX in formation. This was the fulfillment of the promise that had kept us going in classes, on PT and drill fields, and over obstacle courses. We were to be scorned no longer by PFC's, three-strippers, and "zebras." We had indeed arrived.

I didn't take much time to pack that day. I was eager to be on the train heading for home, where I could count on much back-slapping from my parents and friends. I dashed as madly as my bulging B-4 bag would allow me to the railroad station to be first in line for train tickets. After several hours in line, I stood facing a tech sergeant who looked at me through the bars of the ticket cage and said, "You gotta name, Lootenunt?" I was sure I had; so I told him what it was.

"You got seat nine, car thirty-two on the Pennsylvania Railroad, Lootenunt — sign here."

"Wait a minute, sergeant," I said with dignity. "It's a long way to Chicago. Isn't it a Pullman?"

"This may strike you as being rather peculiar, Lootenunt, but you also got a berth on a Pullman on the New York Central. It seems you sleep in the Pullman and ride during the day in a coach on another railroad. Hasn't anybody ever told you how to make out a transportation request?"

Was this why I had slaved for such a long time? Here I was being bawled out by a sergeant for making a perfectly human mistake in filling out a form. The chips were down. The prestige of my entire graduating class was at stake. I could feel the eyes of my fellow graduates on the back of my neck. A hush fell and tension mounted as I prepared to make a quick comeback which would cut this insolent enlisted man down to size. "Yes Sir," I said softly.

As I sat on my B-4 bag, waiting for the sergeant to come back from lunch, I brooded. He had told me to wait until he had eaten lunch before he would straighten out my ticket. I could still see the disappointed faces of my



former friends as they walked past me on the way to their trains. I didn't blame them. I hated myself. My day was no longer bright and filled with sunshine. A cloud covered the sky, and the sound of rain on the tin roof of the railroad station mingled with the lonely whistle of the train far in the distance.

## On Thank-You Notes

M. ALAN POOLE, JR.

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947*

LETTER WRITING HAS ALWAYS BEEN A THING OF PASSION with me—I passionately avoid it whenever possible. I don't really mind letters in general, but the writing of thank-you notes always leaves me in a complete state of frustration. They invariably go something like this:

"Dear Aunt Bess,

Thank you so very much for the jade shoehorn you sent me for Christmas. I think of all of you whenever I put on my shoes."

No, that will never do. She'll probably get the idea that I think her gift smells. I guess I had better say:

"It reminds me so much of my stay in China while I was in the Navy."

That's a little better, I guess, but I'd better be careful. She always was rather sensitive—she might get the idea that I wish I were back in China, where her offering might have been lost before it got to me. I suppose it's best just to thank her for it and then continue with the news.

News. News? There isn't any news, but I'll have to write her at least two pages. Ah, I have it!

"Someone stole the right front headlight off the car the other night while Dad was at work. It may sound funny, but Dad said that it was hard to drive the car only half lit up."

Oh, oh! I'll bet sure as heck she'll think that *Dad* was half tight. I guess I'd better change that to:

"Someone stole one of the headlights from the car while Dad was at work the other night, so now we can't see where we're going so well at night."

That's rather stupid, isn't it? No one can see as well in the night. Besides, I don't suppose she cares whether we have any headlights or not. Anybody that would give somebody a jade shoehorn—imitation, at that. News. News. News:

"We aren't doing anything around here. I did fall off the ladder the other day, but it didn't amount to much."

No! I certainly won't give her the satisfaction of agreeing with me there.

And the first part will just bear out her suspicions that we're lazy, so that will have to go. Hmmmmm. . . .

"I haven't much to tell you in the way of news, as I've really been too busy to hear any."

Whew! Not bad, if I do say so myself. She won't believe it, but it was still a good idea. I'll have to tell her something. About what would she like to hear? About school, of course:

"We got our midsemester grades a couple of weeks ago, and they didn't look so bad. They grade on a five point system here. Five points is an *A*, four points is a *B*, three points is a *C*, and so on. I came out with a 4.67 average, so I feel pretty good."

Perhaps it might be better to withhold the grades until the end of the semester. Then I'll know for sure, and she'll want to know too. If the finals are better than the midsemester grades, she will say that we can never improve ourselves. If they are worse, she'll feel convinced that I'm "just another flash-in-the-pan Poole." I know I can't win, but she couldn't see a white flag anyway, so

"I can hardly wait until this semester's over so that I can get an idea how I stand in the eyes of the college instructors as to mental ability."

Find something wrong with that if you can. She could — she'd say that I was depending upon the opinion of my instructors for my grade. I'll just have to forget about school, I guess. News — I wonder, do you suppose she would — oh well, I'll try it. No, I'd better not. I don't want to embarrass her by telling her what my *friends* gave me. She would be interested in what we did over the Christmas holidays, I bet. On second thought, however, Mother has already told her all about what the family did, collectively, and I certainly can't tell her about that date on Christmas Eve. That wouldn't go over with much of a bang. She still clings to the idea that almost all of a child's time home should be spent at home. That may account for her prejudices now.

Whew! Two hours and I still haven't said anything. This can't go on any longer. I suppose I *could* send it as is, but it'd never pass Mom's censorship. Of course, if she didn't see it — I might also suffer for it next year. She'll most likely send me a hearth broom or something, but that's a chance I have to take. Anyhow, I don't have to start worrying until next year.

Here's hoping she doesn't say anything in her next letter to Mom:

"Dear Aunt Bess,

Thank you ever so much for the beautiful jade shoehorn you sent me for Christmas. It was really awfully nice of you to remember me.

Sorry, but I'll have to study now — exams are coming up. I will give you the news in my next letter.

Thanks again; be sure to let us all know how you are.

'Bye now, as always,  
Alan"



# The Teapot Dome Affair

CARL G. UCHTMANN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 11, 1946-1947*

THE TEAPOT DOME OIL SCANDAL INVOLVED SEVERAL high government officials and has sometimes been called one of the most sordid affairs in American political history. Today, as we follow such investigations as that concerning the late Senator Andrew May, and as we hear Senator Bilbo's protestation, "I didn't get a . . . dollar," we might well look back on the prosecution of the Teapot Dome case to remind ourselves of a few of the difficulties encountered in investigating and proving such crimes of fraud against the government. This Teapot Dome scandal, which was in the courts and the headlines of the nation's newspapers from June 5, 1925, until April 6, 1931, resulted in the conviction of only one man, who served nine months and eighteen days of a one-year sentence and was assessed a fine equal to only one of the bribes he was found to have accepted—the only punishment finally administered by our courts during seven years of indictments and prosecutions.

The evidence, though well hidden, was conclusive. Sufficient proof was found to bring from the Supreme Court the statement that the most involved, Secretary of the Interior Fall, was a "faithless public officer," and that the transactions had been "conceived and executed in fraud and corruption,"<sup>1</sup> although at the time they were consummated everything seemed completely legitimate. The investigation also found that high government officials had neglected to pay serious attention to the biggest transaction in the Department of the Interior in four or five years. Even during the trial many other instances of incompetence in high places were uncovered involving men who were responsible for prosecuting the case.<sup>2</sup>

The name given the affair was adopted from one of the naval oil reserves which were discovered to have been illegally leased to private corporations. These naval oil reserves had been set aside before 1916 by Presidents Taft and Wilson, who were impressed by the fact that battleships of the navy were turning more and more to oil and wanted to assure it a supply in the future. Congress had supported this action and put the control of the oil in the hands of the Secretary of the Navy. President Harding, without Congressional permission, had transferred the reserves to the Department of the Interior, under public lands. This he had done despite the objection of Admiral

<sup>1</sup> "The Record Stands," *Newsweek*, 24 (December 11, 1944), 28.

<sup>2</sup> Daugherty, a judge in one of the trials, was questioned in Senate hearings and found guilty of accepting bribes and selling pardons. See "Daugherty, Aegis of Justice," *Literary Digest*, 118 (March 26, 1924), 333. Also, "America Waking Up," *Nation*, 126 (March 29, 1928), 337.

Griffith, and others, who had protested and said that "we (the navy) might as well say good-by to our oil."<sup>3</sup>

The Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Fall, had proceeded promptly to "dispose" of these valuable oil reserves on the ground that wells outside the navy's reserves were threatening to drain away some of the navy's oil. Instead of consulting the proper authorities to learn whether the oil was actually being lost, or asking for funds to take out the oil and put it into storage, Secretary Fall had leased the reserves, Number one, in Elk Hills, California, and Number two, the Teapot Dome reserve in Wyoming, to private companies for exploitation. This was how we had practically given away the oil reserves which had been set aside for public wealth and national security — practically given away, because these leases to private corporations were found to have been contracted without competitive bidding, to be highly favorable to the lessees, and to have been let to men who financially aided Secretary Fall and the administration with generous "loans." All this had transpired during the short months of the Harding administration with only a select few men in the inner circle knowing the details. The investigations disclosing the unfavorable terms and the fraud began only after Fall had resigned from his position as Secretary of the Interior to return to his ranch in New Mexico after having completed two years of apparently uneventful tenure.<sup>4</sup>

The investigation was started as a result of a demand by Senator La Follette, Sr. that the leasing of the navy oil reserves to private companies be investigated. La Follette had also delivered an address condemning the leases at the time of the consummation of the contracts. But no interest was aroused at the time; neither was there much interest in the investigation until Secretary Fall was caught in a false statement about the source of \$100,000 with which he repaired and enlarged his ranch.

The many difficulties encountered in finding the truth about the affair are told by Senator T. J. Walsh, who headed the Senate investigating committee.<sup>5</sup> The first thing discovered by the committee was the total disregard of the plain provisions of law. Senator Walsh criticized the unusual procedures followed in the transactions and the many steps taken by men unauthorized to take such actions.<sup>6</sup> A reporter's testimony led to a suspicion of Fall's sudden financial rise soon after he became Secretary of the Interior. Since Fall was reluctant to explain the source of the money to improve his ranch, he strengthened the suspicion of the investigators.

Finally, in a letter to the investigating committee, Fall explained that he had borrowed the money (\$100,000) from his friend McLean, a publisher in

<sup>3</sup> C. Mertz, "At the Bottom of the Oil Story," *Century*, 108 (May, 1924), 85.

<sup>4</sup> "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.*

<sup>5</sup> T. J. Walsh, "True History of Teapot Dome," *Forum*, 72 (July, 1924), 1-12.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 3.



Washington.<sup>7</sup> Unable to find proof of the "loan," Senator Walsh went to Florida to get the details from McLean; he was amazed to learn that McLean was not the source of the "loan." Fall was caught in a lie; newspapers grabbed the story, and the public interest grew with the promise of a scandal. It was soon discovered that the money had come from Doheny, who had leased one of the oil reserves through negotiations with Fall while he was Secretary of the Interior.

Still, the investigation lacked proof and was hindered by lack of interest and by lack of support from government officials, who followed the policy of ignoring anything discreditable to the Republican Party,<sup>8</sup> and by a peculiar disappearance of witnesses. Evidence was vague, and witnesses were always failing to appear. Colonel Stewart, the head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, fled the country when summoned to the witness stand; the head of the Prairie Oil Company, another Standard Oil concern, with two of his subordinates, resigned his office and went to France; and the head of a mysterious Canadian Oil Company, who had had part of his assets traced to Fall, fled to South America.<sup>9</sup> The trials were often delayed by the absence of important witnesses who were usually on vacations in Florida or Cuba.

Despite the many obstacles and the opposition of "big money" interests, the truth slowly came out. It was found that beside the \$100,000 "loan" from Doheny in 1922, Fall had received \$269,000<sup>10</sup> from Harry Sinclair, the lessee of the other oil reserve.<sup>11</sup> Statements were made during the course of the investigation by both Sinclair and Doheny, to the effect that each expected to make \$100,000,000 from the development of these oil reserves.<sup>12</sup>

It was found that Doheny had first contracted to build oil reserves for the navy on Honolulu. He had received this contract with a bid that was the lowest of three bids. His bid, however, had consisted of a double bid, the second about \$235,000 less than the first but including a preference for all the leases in Naval Reserve No. 1. This led to his being given the leasing of the Teapot Dome Reserve without competitive bidding, with conditions under which he expected to make \$100,000,000. The \$100,000 loan had been passed to Fall at the time of the first contract to build the oil reserve tanks.<sup>13</sup>

All these transactions had taken place nearly two years before the affair was questioned. Even after conclusive evidence of bribery and fraud was finally found, the helplessness of the courts in prosecuting the case delayed action for years. Finally, in 1927, the Supreme Court did recover the prop-

<sup>7</sup> "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.*

<sup>8</sup> "Plutocracy and Corruption," *New Republic*, 54 (February 22, 1928), 5.

<sup>9</sup> "Teapot Dome Innocence Discovered," *Literary Digest*, 86 (July 4, 1925), 15.

<sup>10</sup> Other sources give \$269,100 as the amount.

<sup>11</sup> "Conviction of Albert B. Fall, Former Secretary of the Interior," *Current History*, 31 (December 20, 1929), 574. <sup>12</sup> Mertz, *loc. cit.*

<sup>13</sup> Raymond Clapper, "Doheny and Fall Face Justice," *Nation*, (November 24, 1926), 525.

erty for the government.<sup>14</sup> It decided that the payment constituted a fraud against the United States government and rendered void all contracts. President Harding's order that the reserves be transferred to the Department of the Interior was not considered constitutional, but above his power. Thus the navy did regain its oil reserves, and this first court decision forecast penal justice for Doheny, Sinclair, and Fall.

So many different suits grew out of the investigation that they caused confusion in the public's mind. In spite of the fact that the suits of the government to regain its property were successful, the criminal prosecutions to convict the men involved were delayed so often that very little justice was effected. As Fall faced trial, his defense built up a very elaborate story which appealed strongly to the jury and the public.

The defense claimed that Doheny had taken the contract purely out of patriotism by bringing out the fact that Admiral Robinson had allegedly begged Doheny to offer to build a fuel reserve for the navy; that Fall's policy was justified because it had been entirely approved at the time, both by the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Denby, and by President Harding;<sup>15</sup> and that Doheny had merely loaned Fall \$100,000 as an old friend and fellow prospector.<sup>16</sup> In attempting to prove that the \$100,000 was a loan and not a bribe, Doheny gave a smooth story about the procedure. He testified that he had his son, E. L. Doheny, Jr., carry the "loan" to Fall in cash, in a little black bag, merely because he wanted him to get experience in handling money. To prove that he had received a note he brought out a note as evidence, but Fall's signature was conspicuously torn off. This, Doheny, with his imagination running wild, explained was in the possession of his wife, who was to keep the signature of the torn note so that in case either of them was killed, the other could always collect the note.<sup>17</sup> Of course, he would have the jury believe that the secrecy surrounding the "loan" was only to keep Fall from being embarrassed; furthermore, he reminded the jury that he had taken the contract purely out of patriotism — of course he had never thought of the \$100,000,000 which he had previously admitted he expected to profit. He claimed that the contracts were kept secret because they concerned building oil reserves on Honolulu, and the Japanese might hear of it.<sup>18</sup>

The charges against Sinclair were for criminal conspiracy for arranging virtually to steal millions of dollars' worth of naval oil. He sweated his way through five years of Senate hearings and investigations but was never convicted, although he did serve two three-month jail sentences, one for contempt of Senate and another for contempt of a United States District

<sup>14</sup> "Teapot Dome Oil Lease Declared Void," *Congressional Digest*, 6 (November, 1927), 319. <sup>15</sup> "Conviction of Albert B. Fall," *loc. cit.*

<sup>16</sup> "The Fall Doheny Verdict," *New Republic*, 49 (July 19, 1927), 240. <sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 241.

<sup>18</sup> "Conviction of Albert B. Fall," p. 573.



Court.<sup>19</sup> He never dared to testify personally, and the charge of contempt of Senate was for hiring a Burns detective agency to shadow the jurors. This resulted in a mistrial. He did serve his jail sentences,<sup>20</sup> but was never convicted of the bribe-giving or of conspiracy.

Thus the record stands. It seems that the evidence was sufficient to convict all three men, yet only Fall was found guilty of accepting the bribe, and he was given the minimum sentence, largely because of public sympathy for his physical condition.<sup>21</sup> Doheny was acquitted six months later from the charge of giving this bribe. Through his appealing stories to a jury that was not capable of understanding the facts of the case, he convinced them that he and Fall were just old friends. So they believed that the "loan" was out of friendship, and the lease out of patriotism. Reporters found by interviewing the jury afterward that the majority understood only vaguely what the whole trial was about.<sup>22</sup>

Sinclair served his six months of jail sentences, but was soon in business again to make \$3,000,000 in an oil pool shortly after the trials terminated. In 1944 he received a \$155,000 annual salary and was eligible for a \$37,000 annual pension when he retired.<sup>23</sup>

The other two men did not prosper after the affair. Doheny spent his last years before his death in 1935 in retirement, sorrow, and illness. His health began to crack after an insane secretary murdered his only son, E. L. Doheny, Jr.<sup>24</sup> Fall spent the remainder of his life trying to vindicate himself by placing the full responsibility on the navy and claiming that he did not interfere with navy power. In broken health, after serving his sentence, he returned to his ranch, which he had expanded to 750,000 acres during his prosperous tenure as Secretary of the Interior.<sup>25</sup> Even his home was not to be his own, for as soon as he was paroled from prison, Doheny interests — the same Doheny who had testified that he had loaned him the money as an old friend — foreclosed on this big ranch, claiming that the "loan" was due.<sup>26</sup> Fall fought eviction bitterly and was finally allowed to remain in possession of his home and 100 surrounding acres. He died in 1944 claiming that the Teapot Dome lease "was the most advantageous deal ever made by the government."<sup>27</sup>

<sup>19</sup> "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.*

<sup>20</sup> "Jury Shadowers in the Shadow of the Jail," *Literary Digest*, 19 (March 10, 1928), 14.

<sup>21</sup> Fall attended the trial in a wheelchair and at the announcement of the verdict women screamed, his daughter fainted, and his attorney suffered a heart attack. See "Conviction of Albert B. Fall," p. 573.

<sup>22</sup> "The Jury Explains," *New Republic*, 49 (July 19, 1927), 239.

<sup>23</sup> "Raise for Harry," *Time*, 43 (May 29, 1944), 19.

<sup>24</sup> "Deward Lawrence Doheny," *Newsweek*, 6 (September 14, 1935), Obituary.

<sup>25</sup> "The Record Stands," *loc. cit.* <sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>27</sup> "Fall, Albert B.," *Time*, 44 (December 11, 1944), Obituary.

Although Senator Walsh, who investigated the affair, expressed his belief that corruption in high places is very rare, we cannot sanction such a lack of retribution. Although fraud in government may be a rarity, it should be severely punished when discovered. Will the cases before the bar of justice today be passed over as lightly as was the Teapot Dome Affair? The May case is already forgotten by the public. Bilbo's case is fading from the headlines, and punishment for either May or Bilbo is not foreseen in the immediate future. Is it the corruption in "big business," the faulty method of choosing government officials, or the inefficiency of our courts which spawns such affairs in America?

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## Dorothy

Dorothy is my neighbor—all six feet of her. She took a liking to me my second day with the movers and high-jumped the back fence, at the same time yodeling, "My God, I never saw one family with so much truck!"

—CARLA J. BOND

# I Am an American

ELLEN MEYER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947*

**N**EXT!" SHOUTED THE FAT "S.S." MAN. MY MOTHER nervously pulled out our passport and handed it to him. The man with the black sign of the swastika on his arm read the information aloud: "Born in Coblenz, hm! Divorced, hm; two girls, eight and ten years old; first husband living in America, hm! Going to Chile, via France. May I ask why you are leaving?"

"We are going to see my parents in Chile, sir," said my mother hastily. The man of the gestapo did not listen to the remark; instead he shouted, "Next!"

As the train moved on, the imaginary line that divides one country from another seemed real to us. We realized that we had just closed one door of life, and opened another.

The next phase of my life started with a beautiful boat trip, on one of the most luxurious ships in the world. Vaguely I remember the heavenly weeks I spent, the sights I saw, the fun I had. We passed by Bermuda, the colorful tropical island; Cuba, with its mixture of Latin and Anglican population; Haiti, with its large summer homes; Cristobal Colon, the entrance of the Panama Canal; Guayaquil at night; Callao, Lima's famous port; then finally Chile, my new home.

I remember my arrival in Santiago, and the first day of school, when everything seemed so strange. However, the feeling of loneliness did not last long. Soon the foreign language and the new environment became familiar to me. The big white Swiss "chalet" with the huge well-kept garden full of palm and "palta" trees was after all my first real home.

Thus I grew up, in a land where peace reigned; and, while other nations fought the bloodiest war of history, I looked at the symbol of peace, the Andes, which stretched their white peaks into the blue sky, guaranteeing no war with Chile's neighbor nations.

My adolescence was a period of fun. I learned to swim, to ride, to ski, and I engaged in many other year-round sports. Even in summer there is snow on the "Cordillera"; even in winter the ocean is warm enough for a dip.

Yet all the fun in the world does not make a person happy. I found out that I was much happier and more content with myself after a day full of work; yet no Chilean girl of the "upper class" (which still exists there) can work. This problem made me unhappy, but it was not the only one I had. Upon being asked the question, "What nationality are you?" my answer always had to be, "I am of no nationality; the one given to me by birth I have



long given up." Secretly I longed to belong somewhere, because the feeling of not being wanted anywhere is the worst feeling a person can have.

So I decided to leave Chile, come to the United States, and become an American citizen. For me this was not hard, because my father was American, and I was still a minor.

Six months after I had made this decision, I sat in the Pan-American Clipper bound for Miami.

Behind me, I saw my mother's figure, standing alone on the big, wide, open field, waving a white handkerchief, and slowly disappearing in the distance. Behind me, I left my home; the town where I grew up; my friends; the peaceful life; the surroundings that I loved. Again I had closed one door of life.

Five days later, I arrived at my destination. I found myself standing in front of a large desk, just as I had done eight years ago, and I again heard that familiar little word, "Next"; only this time it did not sound harsh at all. This time, as I handed in my passport, the man smiled. In the blank space, beside the word "nationality" he wrote the word "American."

"I am an American" — the sound of it is like music to my ears; the meaning of it thrills me. I am at the point of opening a new door of life, and the key to it lies in the sentence: "I am an American."

## The Turn of the Screw

By Henry James

JOHN J. CARROLL

*Rhetoric I, Book Report, 1946-1947*

**H**ENRY JAMES, ALTHOUGH DEAD FOR OVER TWO DECADES, still remains one of the most controversial figures on the literary scene. There can be little doubt about the obvious merit of *The Turn of the Screw*, however, although critics do like to rip it apart and search beneath every word for hidden meanings.

In this story, we see the action of the elemental forces of Good and Evil through the eyes of a middle-class English governess, who tells us more than she apparently intends to in her role as narrator of a succession of incidents. It should be made clear at this point that while the governess tries to tell us there is a combat between these opposing forces, it appears at a close reading that there is only one element, Evil.

The thread of the story cannot be said to hang on a plot if the word is used with its customary connotations. Rather we perceive the real action

through the change in the character of the governess. When the novel opens, she is the shy, typically Victorian daughter of a small-town vicar. She receives her first position as governess from a handsome bachelor who is caring for two orphans. The house in which the children live is in the country, and one of the stipulations of her employment is that she never bother him about her charges. And so, after falling in love with him during these two meetings, the new governess goes to the house of which, for all practical purposes, she is mistress. The boy and girl prove to be almost impossibly beautiful, both mentally and physically. The happiness of the governess in her new environment is finally marred by the appearance of a ghost-like figure, who the old housekeeper tells her is the "master's" dead valet, a particularly evil man. Soon her immediate predecessor puts in an appearance; she is also dead and was engaged in a rather immoral affair with the valet shortly before her mysterious death. The rest of the story concerns attempts of the governess to protect the children from these evil beings, who seemed to have had a strange hold over them in life.

As the governess tells the story, the evil forces are what she is combating, but it seems pretty evident to me that she was actually being *used* by Evil, so that it was she, and not the apparitions, which eventually wrecked the idyllic happiness of the country manor. After all, it is only the governess who sees the apparitions. For instance, when she is knitting by the lake as the little girl plays, it's only the narrator who sees the ghost of the former governess, although she accuses the child of seeing it and not admitting it. The repressed love which she has for her employer is one of the prime factors which enable the evil forces to gain a hold over her, and the resultant fear and suspicion toward the children complete her downfall. The repressed love view gives the Freudians plenty to work with, and they see the whole book in the terms of symbols. Although the presence of a repression is definitely proven through a rather macabre love scene with the young boy, I cannot believe that this even approximates what James tried to convey.

A famous critic once said that only a hasty or an insensitive reader can hurry over Henry James; it might be added that anyone who expects to get even partial value from one of his stories cannot peruse it hastily. He demands that his readers go slowly and assimilate his words as they go along; if one tries to hurry, he finds himself stumbling through what seems to be a maze, and soon discovers that he must retrace his path if he is to get any meaning out of what is going on. It is refreshing to find an author whose work was his life, who always strived for perfection, who would not and could not be contented with saying anything other than what he actually meant. True, he is often obscure, and a large dose of James can prove to be so much lead in the literary digestive tract, but certainly he is a joy to read after some of the pot-boilers which are being foisted on us today. If he lacks the final touch of greatness, it is because of his limited horizons; the

pensions and hotels, the upper middle-class and upper-class drawing rooms are his scenes. The people of England, of the continent, and to a slightly lesser extent of America, who inhabit these tombs of the living, are his subjects.

*The Turn of the Screw* is another story placed in these limited regions, but even the very nature of what he sets out to do limits him in this instance. He does not attempt to solve or explain the motivations of the governess and why she is overwhelmed by these evil spirits; rather he shows us a psychological quirk developing without the person's knowing it. It might be noted at this point that governesses are a very frustrated species of humanity; they are neither master nor servant, and they have the care of *other* people's children but not their own. So it is little wonder that twists of the mind are considered by some psychologists as an occupational disease of this class. James realized this at a time when psychology was little more than a vague medical term.

As mentioned before, James did not attempt to do a book of epic proportion; his sole aim was to picture for the reader the evil force which the governess became through the mental twist—and he succeeded. One does not get the impression in this, as in some of his other stories, that there is much ado about nothing, that the author is too concerned over trivialities in a world where there are so many things of greater importance.

James was a clever and brilliant craftsman, and he was definitely in form when writing *The Turn of the Screw*. Although the author classified it as a fairy tale, this novel is anything but pure escapism. If you like to dig into a person's subconscious thoughts, peer into the dark recesses of a mind, this book is for you, as it is for me.

## For Whom the Bell Tolls

By Ernest Hemingway

DOUGLAS DALES

*Rhetoric II, Book Report, 1946-1947*

CIVIL WAR IS SAID TO BE THE MOST TERRIBLE KIND OF war—a heartbreaking struggle in which the common people of the same traditional background ironically are forced to fight against each other for causes often not their own. However, in Spain the issues rapidly became clear cut; and it was there that the importance of a fifth column first emerged as a characteristic of modern wars. It was in Spain



that the first modern example of guerilla warfare presented itself, and it was with a guerilla band that Robert Jordan, an American, went to fight.

In 1937 the Spanish gutters were flowing with the blood of women and children, but Hemingway takes us out of this harrowing part of Spain. In the mountains the battles were fought out by hearty bands of men and women in the cold, clear air of reality. It does not detract from the bitterness of the battle scenes that they were waged in the bright sun. Much of the action in Spain was hopelessly muddled, and it is to Hemingway's credit that he was able to clarify the issues and contestants for those of us who remained outside of Spain and even aloof from Spain.

Mr. Hemingway has very strong feelings about Spain, yet he does a very good job of controlling his emotions and seldom gets hot under the collar. This objectivity is characteristic of Hemingway in all of his books.

He has written one of the finest anti-fascist stories on record. For a decade Hemingway had been very close to Spain and the Spanish people, and he treats his Spaniards with dignity and tenderness. Here were people fighting for more of the brief freedom they had had. Regardless of how wealthy and powerful her rulers became, freedom was one luxury Spain had always been chary with. The short-lived Republic had given the people a taste of this freedom, and to defend it they were willing to die.

One reason Hemingway escapes the morbid in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is the effective love story woven into the pattern of civil war. The animal love between Maria and Robert Jordan is one of the most refined in modern fiction. In the light of love even war can be justified. It is this love that seems to make Robert Jordan more humanistic than the Henry Morgan of *A Farewell to Arms*. There is less emphasis in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* on Jordan's personal plight and a greater elaboration of the predicament of society than in *A Farewell to Arms*. Unlike Henry Morgan, Robert Jordan is not fighting because he has been hopelessly caught in the mesh of war and must cleanse himself of it, but he is fighting to blow up "the bridge . . . on which the future of the human race can turn."

Most of the books I had previously read about the Spanish Civil War, particularly Malraux' *Man's Hope*, left the definite taste of Spain's sickness in my mouth long afterwards. It was the same feeling of weariness, confusion, and nausea I was later to recognize as the inevitable symptoms of battle fear creeping over the mind, from which a person can never truly rid himself. Spain is still on the conscience of the world, and will probably remain there for a considerable time. Hemingway's book is unlike the others (John Dos Passos' *Adventures of a Young Man*, Arthur Koestler's *Dialogue with Death*, Andre Malraux' *Man's Hope*) in this respect. After reading *For Whom the Bell Tolls* we are left with the impression that the real Spain did not die with Robert Jordan, or anybody else, but still breathes down the neck of General Franco.

# Lamaism

ETHEL N. BROWN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 14, 1946-1947*

LAMAISM IS THE STRANGE RELIGION OF TIBET, DERIVING its name from the Tibetan *lama*, or "high one," title of the monks in the higher ranks of the hierarchy. Although it has developed fairly recently in the history of the world, it is one of the most fascinating religions of all time.

Until the seventh century the Tibetan religion consisted of a pagan ritual known as "Bon." It was made up almost entirely of the worship and pacification of the thousands of good and evil spirits which the people believed inhabited their country. At that time the Tibetans were nomadic barbarians, engaged primarily in hunting and herding. Since they lived in the open most of the time, it was quite natural that they should establish their demons in the forests, rivers, and sky that they knew so well.<sup>1</sup> The result was some sort of spirit in every rock, tree, and river in the country. These spirits, still worshipped today, were held responsible for the crops, the weather, and all disasters, as well as the daily personal lives of the people. The early pagan worshippers represented their gods by a variety of hideous idols, and included in their ritual human sacrifice and even some sacrificial cannibalism.<sup>2</sup>

This was the religious state of Tibet in 640 A. D., when King Sron Tsan-gampo, the ruler of Tibet, married. As is quite often true with royal marriages this marriage produced a definite change. The wives, one a princess of Nepal and the other of the royal family of China, were both Buddhist, and under their influence the king became a convert. He introduced some of the Buddhist scriptures and directed the building of two monasteries, but the total influence of the religion did not assume very large proportions during his reign.<sup>3</sup>

There lived in India during the following century a Buddhist teacher named Padma Sambhava, a sorcerer and preacher who believed in Mahayana, a superstitious form of Buddhism. When the king invited him to come to Tibet to teach, Padma accepted gladly, and upon his arrival there he found a perfect setting in which to foster his beliefs.<sup>4</sup>

Legend says that when Padma first arrived in Tibet, he found the people tormented by hordes of demons. With the aid of his superior magical powers,

<sup>1</sup> Sven Hedin, *A Conquest of Tibet*, pp. 276-277.

<sup>2</sup> Charles A. Sherring, *Western Tibet and the British Borderland*, p. 76.

<sup>3</sup> "Lamaism," *Encyclopedia Americana*, vol. 16, p. 664. <sup>4</sup> Sherring, *op. cit.*, p. 81.

he fought these demons until they surrendered, and then spared them on the condition that they work for him and use their evil powers against his enemies. In payment for these services the demons were to be fed and worshipped by the entire country. Whatever we think of this story, . . . it is nevertheless true that Padma incorporated into his Mahayanist teachings many of the practices of Bon.<sup>5</sup> This did not improve the religion in any way, but it did win more converts, for it gave to the Tibetans a creed simple enough for their untutored minds to grasp. True Buddhism, with its undefined principle of creation, was too abstract for them to understand, but even in its corrupt form it improved the existing Tibetan code by placing a higher value on human life.<sup>6</sup> It was the ecclesiastical system that Padma Sambhava founded that came to be known as Lamaism.<sup>7</sup> The followers of this original group exist today as the Red Hat Sect.

The new religion was well received by most of the Tibetans, but a few of them did not seem to approve of it. In the tenth century, King Langdar-ma, no doubt fearing the growing power of the faith, led a revolt against it. The attempt was entirely unsuccessful and Buddhism returned, stronger than before. But one of the monks, fearing another attempt to banish his religion, assassinated the king as a preventative measure. Although the assassination removed one trouble, it was the source of several others. Without a king the country had no central government, and all existing control rapidly disintegrated. Under these conditions the hundreds of independent Tibetan chiefs gained more and more power over their respective territories. They were quite belligerent and used their fighting strength to subject all with whom they came in contact. The monasteries, not wishing to be so dominated, began organizing in self-defense. They developed into practically independent communities with strong armed protection, and they were soon more to be feared than the lay armies.<sup>8</sup> With their generally superior intelligence and training, the lamas have been able to maintain the influence that they gained at this time and have kept peace within the country for many years. The fact that fighting was opposed to their true doctrine did not seem to worry them at all. After all, did they not have all eternity to reach Nirvana?<sup>9</sup>

Many of the Tibetan lamas live in the highly organized monasteries. These villages of monks are often quite large, one of the most important, at Dupon, being composed of about seventy-five hundred men. It is at Dupon that the Great Oracle of State is located. It is operated by supposedly inspired lamas, and thousands of people consult it for a great variety of

<sup>5</sup> J. Ellam, *The Religion of Tibet*, pp. 32-33.

<sup>6</sup> Oscar Terry Crosby, *Tibet and Turkestan*, pp. 168-170.

<sup>8</sup> "Lamaism," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, vol. 13, p. 605.

<sup>7</sup> Ellam, *op. cit.*, p. 31.

<sup>9</sup> Crosby, *op. cit.*, pp. 168-169.



information. At the head of each of the orders, the Yellow Hats and the Red Hats being the most important, is a general, who supervises the monasteries of his order. Each of these establishments in turn has its leader, its officials for spiritual and temporal duties, and its four grades of monks: probationer, novice, fully ordained monk, and abbot. Above all of these are the "reincarnate lamas," supposed to be manifestations of deities or of dead saints.<sup>10</sup> The two most important of these "reincarnates" are the Dalai Lama and the Tashi Lama. The Dalai Lama is usually regarded as the secular leader of Tibet although he takes part in the religious affairs also. The Tashi Lama, as a rule, is the spiritual leader, but so much juggling of powers and privileges has gone on in the last few years that it is rather difficult to name the specific powers of each man.<sup>11</sup>

Some of the lower orders of monks live in lay villages and are very little different from laymen. The monks, whose one object is to reach Nirvana, or complete eradication of self, often retire to meditate in solitude in order to accomplish their purpose. They usually choose a cell in some fairly remote region for their meditation. The cell is absolutely dark and has a small stream or drain running through it. Close to the ground is an opening just big enough to allow a gloved hand to place a bowl of *tsamba* and some tea in the cell once a day. The first retirement lasts for only a few months. Then, after a period of study, the monk returns to his cell for three years, three months, and three days. The next time he returns, he is to remain until death. However, a great many of the hermits lose their minds before this last period.<sup>12</sup>

"In Tibet religion always comes first, and God, says a Tibetan proverb, can only be approached through a lama. The monasteries are therefore the chief influence in the country."<sup>13</sup> Not only are the monks the leaders in religious affairs, but they also control the temporal activities of the country. The laity seldom take any active part in any worship services except for the private offering of butter lamps and ceremonial scarves and the use of prayer wheels and rosaries.<sup>14</sup> The priests find it to their advantage to have the people depending upon them for their religious needs. As the lamas receive fees for giving advice, granting pardons, or conducting special services such as those for the forgiveness of sins and those for the dead, they of course wish to retain complete charge of such affairs.

The lamist temples for worship are quite often a part of the monastery. The main floor is one large hall with a platform at the front, facing the door. On the platform, which is covered with rugs and pillows, sits the

<sup>10</sup> Sherring, *op. cit.*, p. 247.

<sup>11</sup> "Panchen Lama Discovered," *Time*, 38 (July 14, 1941), 43.

<sup>12</sup> F. Spencer Chapman, *Lhasa, The Holy City*, p. 213. <sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 195.

<sup>14</sup> William W. Rockhill, *The Land of the Lamas*, p. 105.

lama who is conducting the service. The entire hall is filled with rows of red cushions before which are long, narrow tables on which to place the sacred books. Most of the services consist solely of the offering of food to the deities and the reading of these books. Some of these readings are for the good of the public and some for the members of the clergy. Special readings are often held at the expense of the wealthy, who are supposed to receive as much credit by having the one hundred and eight volumes read for them as if they had done it themselves. The forty-five thousand loose leaves which make up these volumes are divided among the lamas who are seated in front of the tables, and all begin to chant through them as fast as possible, stopping only to drink an occasional bowl of buttered tea.<sup>15</sup> In the larger temples there is quite often an orchestra composed of horns, conch shells, drums, and cymbals. They perform their noisiest numbers for the services and vie with the chanting priests for the honor of being the most heard group in the temple. Although the laity do not take part in these services, they often watch them, and many women bring their babies to be blessed at this time.<sup>16</sup>

When either the Dalai or the Tashi Lama dies, it is the duty of the other to conduct the choice of a successor for the deceased lama.<sup>17</sup> This is done in a rather strange manner. The Tibetans believe that when a Grand Lama dies, his soul is reincarnated in a child born at about the time of his death. All children who were born near this time and whose appearance into the world was accompanied by any strange or unusual events, are gathered in one of the rooms of the deceased lama. There they are supposed to pick out from a group of objects those that belonged to the ruler. The names of the children who pass this test are written on slips of paper and placed in a gold vase. After one hundred of the high lamas have recited prayers over the vase for about a month, one of the papers is selected at random. The name on the paper is then announced before the entire monastery, and the child is proclaimed the new Grand Lama.<sup>18</sup>

None but the highest lamas are reincarnated in this manner. Ordinary mortals continue their existence by transmigration, the process of being born into a second life at the end of the first. The new life is a result of the good and bad deeds of the old life and is in no way affected by the parents of the new being.<sup>19</sup>

Lamaism is without a doubt too beleaguered by false practices and beliefs to be a pure religion, but it has accomplished some good, and as long as we

<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 103-104.      <sup>16</sup> Sherring, *op. cit.*, p. 256.      <sup>17</sup> Crosby, *op. cit.*, pp. 42-43.

<sup>18</sup> Ellam, *op. cit.*, pp. 42-43.      <sup>19</sup> Sherring, *op. cit.*, pp. 232, 237.

highly civilized individuals so carefully avoid black cats and the number thirteen, we cannot afford to be too critical of our superstitious Tibetan neighbors.

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#### The Oil Slick

The co-pilot was the first to sight the oil slick about fifty miles off the coast of Cuba, and we immediately turned off our course to trace it to its origin. It lay there some five thousand feet below us, its sullen black standing out against the vivid blue of the Caribbean Sea. The long, slender ribbon appeared to extend to either horizon, undulating throughout its length. It seemed not unlike the arm of some benign old octopus, lazily drifting with the current. And yet it had a sinister look about it, as if it had devoured its meal and, not satisfied, was searching for a new victim—calm, almost nonchalant, but capable of rousing itself with terrible savagery. As we dropped lower, it flattened out and blended with the sea as if trying to hide from a sensed, yet unseen, enemy. It lost its graceful lines and adopted a viscous appearance, looking more and more like a bed of freshly poured asphalt.

The road came to an abrupt ending. Beyond was nothing but blue water. After minutes of intense searching we found the sole survivor, fifteen feet of mast rising out of the inky depths, maintaining watch over those who had gone down. — ROBERT GLASS



# Undeniable Facts

JACK E. GREYER

*Rhetoric I, Theme 11, 1946-1947*

SOMETIME IN THE NORMAL SPAN OF HIS LIFE EVERY city dweller has the opportunity to visit a small town. Much to his amazement he finds that the streets are not lined with wooden sidewalks, the bulletin board of the post office does not display reward notices for "Billy the Kid," the traditional lamplighter does not make his nightly rounds (although the village drunks still make theirs), the streets are not a mire of mud bordered by knotted hitching posts, and the steps of the local grocery are not littered by old characters with a "chaw" in their mouths and tobacco-stained beards on their chins. People living in small towns are quite normal, they do speak English, and for the most part they do not sleep with the pigs.

The citizens of a small town are very closely associated because each person takes a personal interest in his neighbor and his doings. For example, Annabelle Noseysnout just happened to pick up the telephone receiver of the party line as Hatty Macintosh was telling Nellie Waterfield of the four dollars and fifty cents and the ten-gallon can of pickled pigs' feet her thirteenth cousin, Harry Hardyback, had left her in his will. Annabelle, wishing to make her news sound a little more sensational, called Martha Wheelrut, moved the decimal point over one place, and added ten more gallons of pickled pigs' feet. By the time the news reached Betsy Bottleform, Hatty was the sole owner of four and one-half million dollars, seven yachts, one meat-packing corporation, a brewery, and an honorary degree in law.

Yesterday our little town observed a very sad occasion. It seems that Sylvester Snodgrass, one of the local grocers, had noticed, as M. T. Van Featherstone III was writing a check, that the balance on the check stub was surprisingly low. The following Saturday night at the weekly poker game in Reverend O. Misins' basement, Sylvester had hinted to the fellows that the pompous old gentleman was rapidly going bankrupt. Needless to say, within forty-eight hours creditors had gathered from far and wide and were fighting for a place in line at the door of Van Featherstone's palatial mansion. The once peaceful estate was now engulfed by snarling, little black-bearded men with outstretched palms. The excitement was a little too much for the old boy and he passed on to a quieter world leaving his dear bereaved wife and only son, M. T. Van Featherstone IV, a vast fortune of thirteen million dollars and twenty-six pairs of silk pajamas.

Friendly neighbors in a small town are quick to give aid to unfortunate victims of disaster.

Georgie Arsonwell had been told by Corncob Satinson that to become a man he must smoke a five-cent cigar. Naturally it is the secret desire of every young lad to be regarded as a man and to be held in high esteem by some fair maiden. It was with this thought in mind that seven-year-old Georgie lit up his five-cent stogie after his mother, father, and five brothers and sisters had gone to the movies. Soon Georgie's tongue crept far out over his lower lip, his tummy did flip-flops, and his face turned a beautiful pea-green color. As the feeling took absolute control, Georgie completely disregarded any rules for fire prevention that he may have known. With a mad dash he dropped the cigar on his mother's new pair of nylon stockings and ran for the bathroom. It was here that the firemen found the poor dear apparently overcome by smoke. When the rest of the Arsonwell family returned from the movie, "The Flaming Future," and found their bungalow a friendly bed of glowing coals, they were terrified. At the knowledge of the disaster which had met the Arsonwells, kindly friends and neighbors pooled their resources. By morning the Arsonwells had been given six portable outhouses, nine pup tents, one jungle hammock, fourteen gallons of cottage cheese, eighteen dozen frozen frog legs, one slightly moth-eaten horsehair blanket, four mouse traps, three gallons of liquid shoe polish, one baby bottle complete with nipple, six complimentary tickets to the movie, "The Flaming Future," five bushel baskets full of empty fruit jars, nine packets of safety matches, and a box of five-cent cigars.

Small town forms of recreation vary greatly. They range from porcupine hunting to playing post office. At any rate, all forms of social entertainment are enthusiastically attended.

Jasper Jigalot was preparing for the annual barn dance he held in honor of the late Droopsy Woopsy, the only calf ever known to be born with four tails. Jasper had appointed himself chairman of the decoration committee, chairman of the entertainment committee, chairman of the refreshment committee, and official bouncer. It was the night before the dance that general havoc broke loose. The tractor got out of control and did a beautiful job of giving his barn cross ventilation, Shep bit the hired man, six of the Jigalot children broke out with the measles, the hay mow collapsed, four cows presented him with "blessed events," his flock of six hundred sheep broke the fence and wandered over the countryside, the internal revenue man came to check last year's income tax return, the chicken house burned down, and a passing truck killed Jasper's biggest pig. The following night everyone came dressed in his Saturday's best to the big shindig. There were no decorations, there was no professional entertainment, and Jasper was too tired to bounce anybody, but in spite of all the misfortunes everyone enjoyed the delicious refreshments consisting of fried chicken and roast pork.

As I have tried to point out, small town people are normal and very human.

# No Middleman?

PAUL M. SOMERS

*Rhetoric II, Theme 8, 1946-1947*

"WE BUY DIRECT FROM THE PRODUCER! NO MIDDLE-MAN!"

How often, in our country, we see these words in six-foot, red and black letters over the door of a "cut-rate" retail store. The average American immediately thinks that here is a place where he can save money. Maybe — but the odds, Mr. and Mrs. American, are that you'll get "gypped."

Either one of two flaws is buried in the slogan. Either the "cut-rater" deals with producers with whom wholesalers won't do business, or if he deals with regular producers, you pay just as much as you do any place else. If the former is true, you save by buying an inferior product. Thus, you lower your standard of living right with your cost of living, so that you gain nothing. If it's the latter, the sign is still correct: he does deal directly with producers and he does eliminate the middleman, but — you save nothing. The price is the same. Let me show you.

Under this system, the middleman *per se* is eliminated, but his function is still carried on — in the most inefficient manner.

The assembling of a stock of goods is ordinarily taken care of by a wholesaler. The wholesaler, by virtue of the volume of his business, can maintain constant relations with producers the world over. From experience, he knows where and when to buy the best goods at the lowest price. He knows how much to produce so that none of the goods will rot on his shelves. The retailer, on the other hand, who is out to eliminate the middleman must search out the manufacturer of each item he needs. He will not know what the best time of year is to purchase his goods in quantity. He probably will not know the point at which gain from quantity discount and loss through stagnation balance each other; so he will either pass up a good discount or watch goods rot and spoil on his shelves.

When goods are transported from the producer to the wholesaler, a whole boat, one or several railroad cars, or a number of motor trucks can be used. Because of this volume, transportation expense is noticeably decreased. The "cut-rate" retailer will purchase smaller orders of goods which will require individual handling on ship or in boxcar or truck. All freight transportation lines charge more per weight or volume for these "less-than-a-carload" lots than they do for full carload shipments. Again our retailer eliminates the middleman's commission, but he increases his transportation expense.



The wholesaler also stores goods so that when there is a demand for them, he can furnish them to the retailer at a moment's notice. If the retailer is to assume that function also, he must do one of two things. Either he must purchase and maintain a warehouse of his own, or he must resort to the unsatisfactory alternative of ordering when the demand arises and hoping that the order is filled and the goods are delivered before the demand subsides.

These are just three of the wholesaler's functions which the "cut-rate" retailer must assume if he is to completely "eliminate the middleman." When you look at the situation from this point of view, can you see how there could be any saving?

The next time you see a retailer advertise that he has "eliminated the middleman," or the next time you hear a politician orate on the burden of the middleman, just laugh, or feel sorry for him, or get mad at him for insulting you. Those men either don't know the "birds, bees, and butterflies" of the economic life, or they don't think that you do. Whichever it is, you just go right ahead trading with a retailer who leaves the wholesaler's work to the man who can do it most efficiently and most economically — the wholesaler.

## The Last Try

WALTER RUST

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947*

SURE, YOU JUST FINISHED RUNNING THE HALF MILE. You're tired. That's your hard luck. It would have been much easier if you had gone to bed at a decent hour last night. Roll over on your stomach and rest a while. No use looking for four leaf clovers. The kind of energy you need doesn't come from clover. You could have gone to bed early. She didn't have you tied. You could have left any time you wanted to. Certainly you're tired. Nothing you can do about it now. Should have thought of that last night. Two o'clock — that's no time to get in on the night before a track meet.

"Joneson up, Roth on deck, Rust in the hole." Yes, the crossbar is at 11-9. One man has cleared it. This is your last try. You didn't have your steps down well enough on the last try. You'll have to get them better this time. Tired? Sure you are. Whoops! There goes Joneson. Too bad he missed. That's what you think out loud. Yes, you are glad he missed, aren't you?

"Rust up." Go over to the side of the runway and pick up your pole. That's it — the second one from the left. Stick the pole in the box and get

your grip. Top hand on the space between the second and third sections of tape. Walk back to your marker. Remember, hit the second marker with your right foot. You have to clear this height. You're the last man and this is your third try. Joneson and Roth both missed. Joneson's steps weren't very good. Remember your steps. Second marker with the right foot. Relax. Relax!

"OK, Rust, let's go." Glad someone has some hope. "You gotta clear it this time." Sure. You smile to give him assurance that you feel good. You don't feel bad now. The rest you had refreshed you.

You're at the end of the runway now. Third marker from the end. The one with the red tape on it. That's yours. Top hand on the space between the second and third sections of tape. Hit the second marker with your right foot. OK, lift up the pole. That's it, left foot first. Here comes the second marker. That's perfect. Right on the mark with your right foot. You can't miss this time. Whew, your legs are tired. Just like two rubber bands. Start lowering the pole, there's the box. That jar really hit you. Pull up your feet. Tuck up. Kick! That's it.

Spit the sand and sawdust out of your mouth. What's that you feel with the end of your tongue? You must have really hit the crossbar with your chin to chip your tooth. Was it worth the trouble it caused you to stay out last night when you should have been in bed? Oh well, *too* late now.

What's all the grumbling about? Well, roll over and get out of the pit. Stolt deserved to win anyhow. What's that? The crossbar is still up? Pretty lucky. Oh well, maybe you didn't stay out *too* late after all.

## Another World

WILLIAM M. MORRIS

*Galesburg Division, Rhetoric II, Final Examination, 1946-1947*

NO ONE LIVES IN THE WORLD AS IT REALLY IS, A world of work, study, bad smells, sickness, and conflict, but in a world of romantic characters, beautiful landscapes, noble deeds, and sometimes things which have no apparent value.

When I was little I had a pal who went everywhere with me. Life was one big contest between us, and we had values which meant everything. It was extremely important never to be "it" in tag, and we would chase each other for miles. One winter we made a snowhill and played "king on the hill," a game in which, as you know, the person able to push all others off the hill is king. The snowhill lasted all winter, and every time we went by we stopped for at least one contest. We started with equal chances by stand-

ing opposite each other and grasping each other's right hand. As spring gradually approached, the snowhill slowly melted, but nevertheless we always stopped, when passing, for a contest. This went on into the summer, until finally people could look out of their windows and see two boys coming down the street, suddenly step over to a certain bare spot, shake hands, and start struggling, whereupon one would fall down as though falling into a canyon. Up he would get, and off they would go arm in arm, laughing like imbeciles.

Almost anyone can recall similar strange attachments to values, but most of us have been influenced also by books, or stories we have heard personally or seen in movies. Our hopes are based on them. In choosing a career or vocation we immediately think of ourselves as some romantic character, a cowboy riding off into the setting sun, a lumberman striding through the woods, or a Northwest Mountie herding a band of captured desperadoes.

The world of the past seems immeasurably beautiful. Childhood to an adult is one long series of games, and the hard times of the past become the biggest jokes. When I was in third grade, for instance, I became sick while the others were learning to add and subtract. When I came back I was sent along with the others as though I had never been gone. Somehow I found out that adding was something like counting. I could get the right answer to 5 and 4 by setting the 5 out to the left of my left hand (in my imagination) and counting 6, 7, 8, 9 up my fingers from left to right. This was a great discovery and served me for my years. Subtraction, however, was extremely complex, because it was so much harder to count backwards. In fact I never did learn to count backwards. Instead I had my hands laid out in an intricate series of amputations. To subtract 5 from 11 I took the four fingers of my right hand plus the little finger of my left hand cut off from both hands plus the little finger of my left hand, leaving my left and right thumbs, to get 6.

Those were trying times but no adult ever thinks of things like that. Childhood is nothing but fun in our other world.

Some of us are so dependent on our other world of the past that we even live in the future according to experiences of the past, provided the two are separated by enough of the horrible present. My two years in Hawaii during the war are already beautiful in comparison to this frustrated life of slavery I am leading in college. Already I am planning to spend my old age in Hawaii, though I swore I would never return.

So it goes with everything. I see my wife as something out of this world. I see my children as shining examples. I see myself as a great lover and a traditional character of some kind in my work. Now that I am a student I do not recognize it. Instead, I am way off in another world of the beautiful future or past, diving for pearls off a coral reef, making millions on the stock market, photographing elephants in Africa.

No wonder it's such a queer world. There's no one living in it.



# Open Mouth—Empty Head

WILLARD SCHNEIDER

*Community High School (Crystal Lake) Branch, Rhetoric I, Theme B, 1946-1947*

IT WAS FREEZING COLD. WE HAD BEEN FLYING FOR FIVE hours over enemy territory and had been away from food for more than eight. We were at 26,000 feet and that means tight, uncomfortable oxygen masks. Nervous tension was high, because we were ahead of our rigidly kept schedule. That isn't like being too early for a train, but more like being too late to live. We had missed our second group of fighter cover because of the high winds.

Now we were deep into enemy territory, even deeper than Germany itself, for our target lay in Poland. In the distance overhead we could see "con-trails" which meant fighter planes.

The big, lumbering "queen of the sky" wheeled in stately formation as wave after wave of B-17's arrived at IP. From the "initial point" was a straight run to the aiming point. This meant no maneuvering, no dodging, no evasion, but just plowing ahead through flak and fighters until the objective was reached.

Wup! Wham! Here came action. Flak batteries opened up on the formations, and the ugly, dirty, orange mushrooms of smoke and flame kindled a deadly pattern in the sky.

"Bombs away," came from the bombardier as the flock of mother hens clucked away after "laying some eggs" for the benefit of the Third Reich.

Like a drove of bees the fighters were after us, up and down, over and under, swarming in and out. Occasionally flame would light the sky as a "queen" was laid to rest or as Uncle Sam slapped a "bee" down.

In the midst of noise and confusion came crackling into my ears, "Hello, big friends. This is little friend. Are you well and happy?" It was the traditional query of our escorting fighters.

Men that had been without food for ten hours, that were cramped and uncomfortable, that were fighting for their lives, that were frozen stiff, and that were scared stiffer could only answer that question with, "Hell, no, you blockheads. We're surrounded by bandits."

Suddenly an M. E. 210, one of the long-distance German fighters, bore in on our ship. I could see little flames dancing on the leading edge of his wings as he turned his guns on. I saw a line of holes move in from the end of our wing toward our gas tanks, and suddenly stop. I looked for the M. E. 210, but it was gone, and then we started to fly through its debris.

When we made contact with our fighters, we could sit back and relax.

We landed at our home base on the heels of a crippled P-51 that was making a forced landing there.

Later while we were standing in the operations shack, a fighter pilot came up to me and asked, "Are you the pilot of *M for Mike*?" Before I answered that question, I lit into him for the soft life fighter pilots lead. They could sleep several hours longer and returned from their missions earlier. They flew warmer planes and didn't have to worry about flying in formation. "Yes, I'm the pilot of *M for Mike*. So what?"

"I just wanted to tell you that I'm the chap who got that M. E. 210 for you."

### Overshoes

We were walking along that road near the Rhine at the usual ten-yard interval. I was in my regular position at the end of the last platoon in the company. Rumor had it that the fellows in the point company way up ahead were having a tough time getting into the next nondescript little town that the "Krauts" had selected to hold.

When we were only about fifteen minutes out, everyone started to get the symptoms that always come. The sounds of a battle, the dead along the road, the cold wet feet, and the knowledge that you'll soon be in there yourself tend to cause tight throats and dry mouths.

I noticed that one corpse alongside the road, further up the column, was getting a lot of attention from the men as they passed. I found out why; he had overshoes on. The same thing was passing through all their minds, the thought of how they would like to have the overshoes, but how they hated to rob the dead. I wasn't too tender about this. I hoped that no one ahead of me had as strong an intention to have those overshoes as I did.

When I got about twenty yards from the dead kid with the boots, I made a dash for him and in a few seconds they were mine. I wished that some of the shrapnel had missed him, the part of him with the overshoes on anyhow. It made quite a hole in the side of one of them.

I noticed that all the guys were checking their weapons. I put on my boots in a hurry, checked my own weapon, and entered the town with the rest at my usual tail position.

I don't know exactly what happened next. There was a hell of a noise and that's all. How much time passed I don't know. I was wakened by voices and a tug at my feet. "These overshoes won't do this guy much good," one said. "No, and no other kind of shoes neither, from the look of it," replied another.

I opened my eyes and saw a rough-looking fellow with a red cross on his arm leaning over me. — THOMAS S. POOL

# Four to Five Sunday Morning

MARGARET STUBBS

*Rhetoric I, Theme 1, 1946-1947*

FROM THE SOUTH ROAD A STREAM OF BLINDING WHITE headlights, demanding horns, and shrill cursing voices descends upon the city; the shrill din of the bars is smothered by the weary slam of their doors; the disgorged mass of soldiers and their girls of the evening hesitate noiselessly for a moment, then break into singing, scattered twosomes to gather the city and make it their own. Down the street parades a group of high school experimenters, chanting their class song; the soft indefinite plosh of a poorly-juggled egg accentuates the splintering of a bottle aimed at the nude model in a store window. A dark crumpling mass melts against the solid courthouse and wrenches sobs for the soul he has left with his mother. From an impenetrable hallway a clinging shadow pants a scrambled, "Love you, love you, come with me, please come with me." A thick stumbled drawl pleads for the nearest way to the Field, "Please, have to be on K.P. six o'clock, K.P. six o'clock," and is answered with a derisive "Take it easy, bub, lotsa time, lotsa time," and the mocking laugh of an hysterical girl. Two M.P.'s brandishing sticks, yelling, cursing, threatening, break up a fight between soldiers and sailors. The street is a crossroad of still shadows, blinking lights, and the hoarse, discordant jargon of mingling civilians and servicemen. Then suddenly the Field bus lumbers down the street, rounds up and absorbs flocks of drunken soldiers, and crawls off groaning under its burden. Saturday night is ended.

The city pauses, soundless, scarcely breathing, as if held in a vacuum. It is as dark, as still, as timeless as a night in the desert. It stops, held in its tracks, and waits. Suddenly the first faint vestiges of the sun rise over the buildings. From the distance a soft chime peals a clear call. Slowly, miraculously, the city comes to life again. The pigeon families coo and answer, then float down from the courthouse to nibble stray popcorn and pretzels from the sidewalk. Outlined against the quiet rose sun, a small silver plane whirs and dips in early morning maneuvers. A skinny, sleepy kid rattles down the street with his wagon of early editions, begins his weak-lunged hawking. The rumble of a truck, the roar of a far-off freight train startle the stillness. A Sunday-clean nurse appears, smiles and gives the boy a dime for a nickel paper, and stands reading it unmindful of the debris around her. Two young church-goers pass by, giggling; they kick a stray bottle and scatter the pieces. The early morning "tripper" approaches and squeaks to a stop. The nurse gets on and the bus departs. Sunday morning is begun.



# China Afternoon

JAMES A. CHAPMAN

*Rhetoric II, Theme 1, 1946-1947*

THERE SEEMED TO BE NO MOVEMENT OR LIFE ANY-  
where in the world. The sun, a glaring copper disc, coated everything with a sticky layer of heat. Even the tiny Chinese village on the fringe of the great airdrome was lifeless, its usually busy citizens dozing under their thatched roofs. Along the sluggish stream which flowed beside the village a few dragonflies hummed from the tip of one reed to another.

The only living person to be seen was an American soldier. He sat dozing on the edge of his gun emplacement, his head rolling slowly from side to side. Then his neck became cramped and he jerked upright. He stretched and his eyes automatically scanned the shimmering horizon. Nothing. Nothing but a hawk circling slowly over the low hills to the south.

For lack of something better to do, the soldier focused his eyes on the hawk, followed its slow turns. The bird came nearer. It was moving slowly up the stream, searching for food. It dived once but rose almost immediately. Now it was almost overhead. Suddenly, so quickly that the soldier jumped to his feet, the bird plummeted to the ground. There was a brief scuffle and a small cloud of yellow dust hung in the air. The hawk had caught a field mouse; it stood now with the dead mouse between its talons and let its beady eyes travel swiftly around the horizon. Then it went on with its meal.

Somehow the hawk had missed seeing the soldier. It was a fatal mistake, for the soldier, raised on an Iowa farm, hated hawks with the inbred fury of all farmers. He reached behind him and felt for his carbine. Quietly he moved the bolt and snapped the safety catch, then raised the weapon to his shoulder.

There was a shot, a brief fluttering which raised more yellow dust, and then silence. The soldier sat down again and began cleaning the hot metal of his gun. Along the stream the dragonflies hovered, hummed, wandered.

## On Order

Order is a lovely thing. The spirit of an orderly household should calm all the senses. Anger should fade and worry die, and order deny the confusions of war and politics. The singing simplicity of a neat kitchen, a clean-curtained window, a swept doorstep, a scrubbed hearth, should be a "tranquil well of deep delight," as satisfying as clean mended clothes or rosy children sleeping. The poet says all things that are in order "Shall seem more spiritual and fair,

Reflection from serener air—"

—CAROLINE MADDOX

# If Babbitt Were Alive During World War II

CARL W. LEE

*Rhetoric I, Theme 3, 1946-1947*

BABBITT HAD RISEN EARLY IN ORDER TO BE AT HIS office in the Reeves Building in time for an early morning appointment with Charles McKelvey, the contractor. He was not sure, but he had a slight suspicion that Charles McKelvey was going to ask him to be chairman of the committee for War Bond sales in the city of Zenith. He washed, dressed, shaved, brushed his teeth, and hurried down to breakfast.

When he arrived at his office after an uneventful drive through the early morning rush, he was in good spirits. He was smiling broadly as he anticipated the honor of being named chairman of the War Bond Committee. He strode briskly through the outer office, nodding to all the employees. When he passed Miss McGoun's desk, his smile broadened. "Good morning, Miss McGoun," he beamed. "Has Mr. McKelvey arrived yet?"

"No sir," Miss McGoun answered softly. Babbitt knew very well that Charles McKelvey had not arrived, for their appointment was for nine, and it was now only eight-thirty. But George was rather proud of the fact that such an important man was calling on him, and he wanted to make sure everyone in the office was aware of it.

That morning from eight-thirty until nine, Babbitt rustled the papers on his desk and smoked two big cigars in spite of the fact that he had given up smoking only yesterday. Promptly at nine o'clock Charles McKelvey arrived. Miss McGoun ushered him into Babbitt's office and closed the door.

"Good morning, Mr. McKelvey," George beamed. "What can I do for you?"

"Well, Georgie," began McKelvey, "perhaps you've heard that I'm chairman of the War Bond Committee for Zenith. Well, I thought that you, as one of our leading businessmen, would like to start this drive with a nice fat pledge, say about a thousand." Babbitt's face fell.

"Now, Mr. McKelvey, I just don't see how I could manage a thousand," stammered George. "I've been buying War Bonds right along, and my expenses have been mighty high lately. Why, I've had to pay over three hundred dollars for some new tires just because the darned ration board wouldn't give me a certificate of necessity. Had to buy them from a fellow who charged me fifty dollars apiece extra, and since I ran out of coupons, I've had to pay four times more for gas for my car. I'm telling you I don't

see how I could pledge a thousand. Of course I could cash in a couple of the bonds I bought last time so's to make a thousand dollar pledge. Yeah, I guess I can pledge a thousand." Babbitt signed the pledge card, and Mr. McKelvey left.

Somehow the day was not so pleasant as before. George stalked to the door and barked, "Cancel all my appointments for this morning, Miss McGoun." Babbitt slumped at his desk and thought how foolish it was to appoint anyone to the chairmanship of the War Bond Committee with as little "get-up-and-go" as Charles McKelvey had.

The buzzer on Babbitt's desk vibrated earnestly, and Babbitt reached over and flipped the switch. He felt a little better now. He always felt a little better when he looked at his new inter-office communication system. It had cost a great deal of money, as had his car and huge twenty-four-tube radio, but it was worth it every time he flipped that switch with that air of authority and in a very executive manner said curtly, "Yes, Miss McGoun."

"Your wife just called to say that Ted is home," Miss McGoun intoned in her business-like manner.

"Well I'll be darned. First time he's been home since he enlisted," smiled Babbitt. "If anyone calls tell them I've gone for the day." Babbitt took his hat and coat and rushed through the outer office calling back over his shoulder to Miss McGoun, "Ted's home. First time he's been home since he enlisted." The frosted glass rattled as the heavy door slammed shut.

Babbitt swung his car into the driveway which led to the corrugated iron garage. "No class in that shack. Have to build me a frame garage," he muttered to himself as he hurried into the house. "Well Teddy old fellow," he bellowed as he pumped Ted's hand, clapped him on the shoulder, and pulled him from the easy chair in which he had been sprawled. "You look mighty fit in your uniform. I always said a uniform does something for a man. You should have seen me in my uniform during the last war, but then of course I was a lieutenant."

"It's good to be home, Dad," Ted returned as he glanced at the single chevron on his sleeve.

"You're so thin, son. You don't look as if you'd eaten in a week," moaned Myra. "Come out into the kitchen, and I'll fix you a snack." The snack which Ted sat down to consisted of roast beef, baked ham, cold chicken, pickles, olives, milk, four kinds of preserves, cake, cookies, and his favorite pie, banana cream. "I don't know what this country's coming to," wailed Myra. "They tell us all the food goes to the army so that I have to tramp the streets from market to market to keep my family from starving. Now I find they're starving my only son in the army. Why, if I weren't a good friend of the butcher and grocer, and if we weren't able to pay them a little extra for the scarce things, I just don't know what we'd do."



"Gosh," protested Ted, "I get all I can eat. I've gained eight pounds since I enlisted."

"I'd like to take you to lunch at the Athletic Club," announced Babbitt. "We passed a rule that servicemen can lunch there any time, as long as they are guests of a member. You'd enjoy talking to 'The Roughnecks.' They've got some real ideas on running this war. Why, if those birds in the War Department would use a little common business sense they'd know that they'd get better results if they put a little 'zingo' in their official orders. Instead of just saying, 'Zero Hour 1200,' they ought to say, 'OK men, at twelve o'clock let's go out and get ourselves a mess o' Krauts. This one's for the folks back home, for good old Uncle Sammy. Let's give 'em hell.' An order like that would get results. Why, there's not a businessman in that whole lot at Washington. No sir, not a hard-headed businessman in the lot. The Athletic Club has appointed me chairman of a committee to write a letter to the War Department and give them a few of our ideas to help them along."

"Gee, Dad, I'm sort of tired from riding on that crowded train all night. If it's OK with you and Mom I'll just go up to my room and take a nap," alibied Ted.

"All right," returned Babbitt, "but you don't know what you're missing. Real conversationalists, those Roughnecks."

Ted didn't come downstairs until nearly supper time. When he did come down, Babbitt was waiting for him. "Say, Ted, it's just about time for General Bloward to analyze the news. Now there's a fellow that knows this war business inside out." Babbitt streamed on as he whirled the dials of his huge twenty-four-tube radio, "I'll go upstairs and get the map that General Bloward sent out. It's really a honey of a map. Shows all the islands that are over a block long and all the towns big enough to have a name." His voice trailed off as he disappeared up the stairs.

"Ted, you look like you've been pulled through a knot hole. Haven't had a good meal since you left home, have you?" complained Myra, who had just entered from the kitchen with a heaping plate of sandwiches. "Here, eat these. They'll tide you over till supper."

"But I ——" Ted settled into his chair. Mrs. Babbitt had already hurried back into the kitchen.

"I'll bring you some cake and milk in a minute," she called. Babbitt came thumping down the stairs. "Here's the map, son. This part here that shows the —— Myra, where's Ted?" Myra came in carrying a tray of cakes and cookies and a pitcher of milk. Tinka came into the house carrying her roller skates over her shoulder. "Have you seen Ted?" Babbitt asked.

"Sure," said Tinka, "he's over at Eunice's house."

## Rhet as Writ

And there you are, a vicious mean bull made docile and gentle by giving him five minutes of your undivided attention.

. . . .

Like other bad habits though, I always resolve that I will try to do better next time.

. . . .

Either I don't see the picture at all or I must sit through some concoction which is to be considered a poor effort on the part of those who are trying to uphold the unapparent value of the Motion Picture Industry to see the feature I cared to see.

. . . .

Saturday afternoon I was curdled up in a chair listening to the football game.

. . . .

Why shouldn't scholarship be awarded to boys with athletic abilities when scholarships are being awarded to boys with high intelligence?

. . . .

I stepped into the Pine Lounge. Could this talkative mutterance be true?

. . . .

Daytime cereals provide an escape for a woman's frustrations and help solve personal problems.

. . . .

After snuggling up in the coroner all night, the dawn finally came.

. . . .

The thing I like most about fishing is the chance to relax by a gargling creek.

. . . .

I left for home with the thought of what a wonderful time I was going to have running through my head.

## Honorable Mention

*Ben Chilman* — College Students

*John Curry* — Man and Mind

*Grace Hartman* — Keeping Them Contented

*Gilbert Leight* — I Still Keep Time

*G. E. Modesitt* — The Development of Non-Euclidean Geometries

*Marjorie Peabody* — Ogden Nash's Merits

*Jeannine Rottschalk* — The Essence of Femininity

*Arthur H. Stromberg* — Hurricane

*Thomas Vanderslice* — Best Movie of the Year

*Robert Wiss* — Cotton Pic'n



